

48
F727f

Farewell to Washington of J. W. Forney.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/farewelltowashin00unse>

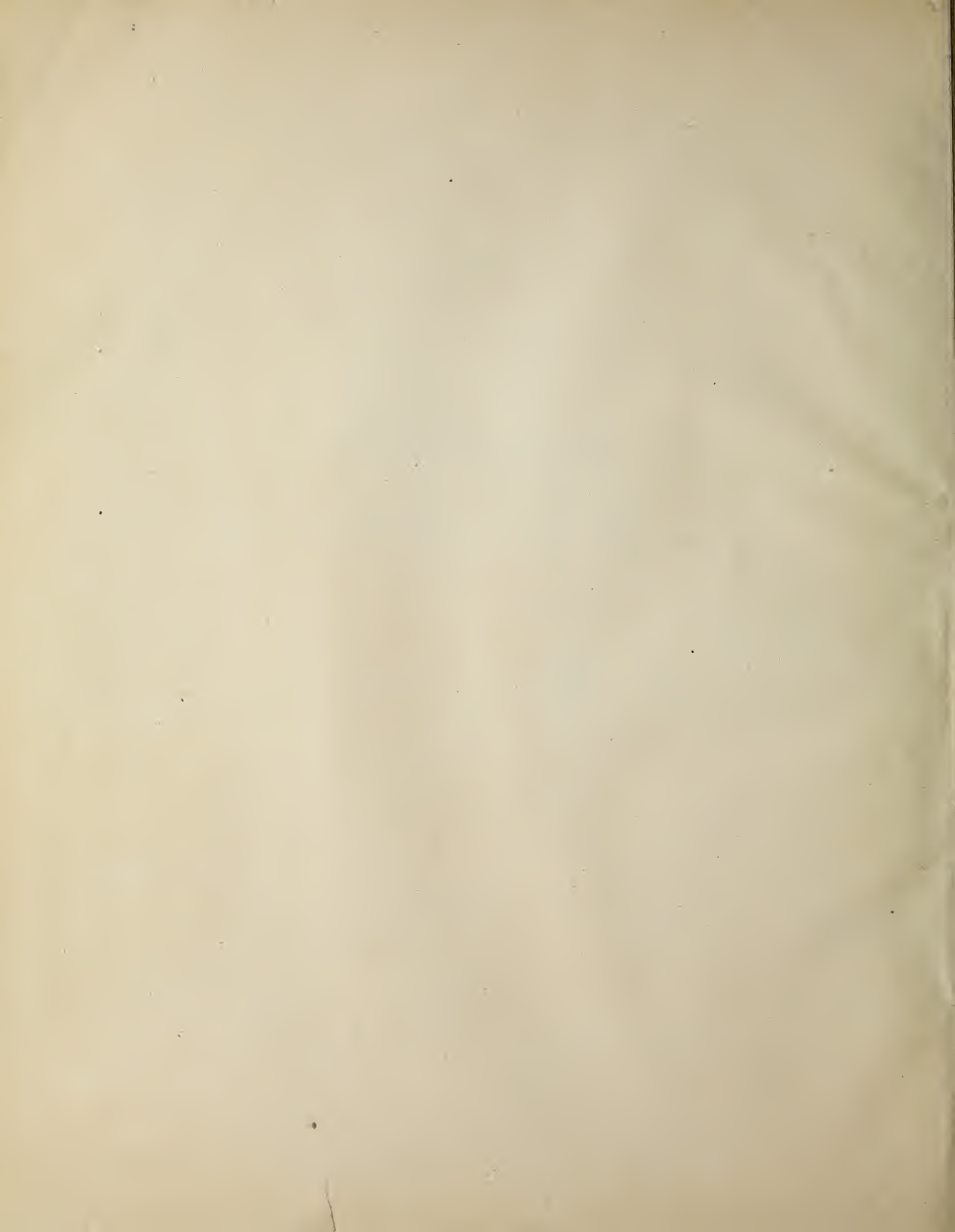
To my dear friend

Dr. O. W. Stulmes,

of

J. M. Farney

4



FAREWELL TO

WASHINGTON

OF
J. W. FORNEY.

THE DINNER

TO HIM

BY HIS

Contemporary Journalists of all Parties.

HIS HOSPITALITIES IN RESPONSE.

THE GOOD-BYE

OF HIS

REPUBLICAN

ASSOCIATES.

No. 1 COL. FORNEY.

- No. 2. CHARLES SUMNER, of *Massachusetts*.
- " 3. MORTON McMICHAEL, *North American*,
Philadelphia.
- " 4. DANIEL DOUGHERTY, of *Philadelphia*.
- " 5. JOHN F. COYLE, N. Y. *Democrat*.
- " 6. GEN. C. K. GRAHAM, of *New York*.
- " 7. EDWIN FORREST, Esq., of *Philadelphia*.
- " 8. COL. THOMAS FITZGERALD, *Philadelphia*
City Press.
- " 9. CLIFTON WARREN, *Boston Evening Post*.
- " 10. JAMES R. YOUNG, N. Y. *Standard*.
- " 11. BEN. PERLEY POORE, *Boston Journal*.
- " 12. W. J. MURTAGH, *National Republican*.
- " 13. WALTER ALLEN, *Boston Advertiser*.
- " 14. D. C. FORNEY, *Sunday Morning Chronicle*.

- No. 15. J. G. HOLLAND, N. Y. *Associated Press*.
- " 16. DONN PLATT, *Cincinnati Commercial*.
- " 17. W. P. COPELAND, N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*.
- " 18. GEORGE W. ADAMS, N. Y. *World*.
- " 19. R. J. HINTON, N. Y. *Evening Mail*.
- " 20. GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND, *Chicago*
Tribune.
- " 21. W. W. WARDEN, *Boston Post*.
- " 22. O. K. HARRIS, *Daily Patriot*.
- " 23. U. H. PAINTER, *Philadelphia Inquirer*.
- " 24. G. B. P. RINGWALT, *Sunday Morning*
Chronicle.
- " 25. J. N. BURRITT, *Sunday Herald*.
- " 26. CROSBY S. NOYES, *Evening Star*.

- No. 27. JOHN M. MORRIS, *Daily Chronicle*.
- " 28. F. A. RICHARDSON, *Balt. Associated Press*.
- " 29. J. MACFARLAND, *Philadelphia Press*.
- " 30. D. F. MURPHY, *The Daily Globe*.
- " 31. FINLEY ANDERSON, N. Y. *Herald*.
- " 32. DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, *Philadel-*
phia Press.
- " 33. J. W. FORNEY, JR., *Sunday Morning*
Chronicle.
- " 34. M. W. BARR, *Southern Associated Press*.
- " 35. L. Q. WASHINGTON, *London Telegraph*.
- " 36. W. B. SHAW, *Chicago Journal*.
- " 37. L. A. GOBRIGHT, *Associated Press*.

FAREWELL TO WASHINGTON OF J. W. FORNEY.



IMMEDIATELY after the dessert the chairman, B. Perley Poore, arose and said:

REMARKS OF BEN PERLEY POORE.

GENTLEMEN: There is in the Grecian Archipelago an island named Delos, which was consecrated, in the olden time, to fraternal enjoyment. At stated periods of each year the people of the different nations thereabouts used to meet in peace at Delos, divest themselves of all feuds or jealousies, and mingle harmoniously in gay and festive scenes.

And so we, who work in the press harness here at the National Metropolis, meet semi-occasionally around a social board, which is our Delos. Here professional rivalries and jealousies are banished—men who wore the blue, and men who wore the gray in the recent strife fraternize—the spirited free-lancers who dash through the press columns, slashing right and left with keen pens, meet amicably with us old fogies, who constitute the heavy artillery—and the only words spoken that all regret are those with which we so joyously conclude our daily toil—good-night.

On this occasion something more than a mere wish to pass a social evening has brought us together. We have met to honor one who has not only been pleasantly associated with us here, but who has ever endeavored to make our profession honorable. Connected especially with the city press, it is proper that he should be addressed by the senior Washington editor on this occasion, and I will call upon Mr. C. S. Noyes, of the *Evening Star*, to propose the first regular toast complimentary to our especial guest.

Mr. Noyes, in reply, made the following remarks:

SPEECH OF C. S. NOYES.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: In view of the numerous bald heads about me, probably it had better be understood, before we go any further, that the seniority on the city press just alluded to, that gives me the honor of offering the opening toast, is only my *professional* age. But though I have, for more than fifteen years, been connected with the paper with which I am now identified, there are several now here who can date a connection with Washington journalism further back.

My friend, Major Poore, who has just called me up, and who wears his ripe years with such grace and buoyancy, occupied an editorial tripod on the *Star* when I was learning the trade of reporter, and gave me some excellent training at that time, for which I take this occasion to thank him. Another venerable friend, at the other end of the table, who seems to have found the secret of perpetual youth, and who Jove-like, sends out his thunders from his Fourteenth Street throne to the ends of the world over the wires of the Associated Press, was concerned in Washington journalism before my time, and published, so long ago as 1845—1845 I mean—a lively daily paper called *The Bee*, that merited a long life had the times been propitious.

Coming down from the pre-Adamite to the *Adamite* period I suspect that my respected senior opposite, who had newspaper experience here long, long years ago, and had something to do with that brilliant paper, the *States*, that for some time gave the *Star* so lively a race for popular

favor, but which the gods loved and died young, ranks me in years as a Washington newspaper man.

And if I am not mistaken, our guest of to-night was connected as a contributing editor with the Washington press as far back as 1845—nearly thirty years ago—when his vigorous pen which even then had attracted the attention of the country, was enlisted by the veteran Ritchie, for the Washington *Union*, together with writers of the ability of Andrew Stevenson and William Overton, of Virginia; Ovid F. Johnson of Pennsylvania, and Edmund Burke, of New Hampshire.

But it is of Mr. Forney's career at the head of a Washington paper of his own that I am able to speak of my own knowledge, and it is from what I have seen and known of him in that capacity that I feel it an honor to be called upon to propose the toast I am about to do. I had known him as a trenchant and fertile writer but it was not until thrown into the association with him that followed upon his entering upon the publication of a newspaper here that I came to know and appreciate the other and finer qualities that distinguished him in his profession; his honorable pride in that profession and his solicitude that nothing should lower it; his nice regard for the feelings of others; his care in his most vigorous warfare to avoid disparagement of the motives of his opponents, and the generous heartiness with which the *amende* is made when a paragraph of this kind finds its way into his columns without his knowledge and against his rule; his zeal in cultivating a proper *esprit du corps* amongst journalists, and his warm-hearted encouragement to young men seeking to make their way in the profession. These are some of the qualities that cause those of us who know him best to love and respect him the most. He has shown us that it is possible to write forcibly without vituperation, to carry on a controversy with unflinching courage without ever striking below the belt.

It was a rule with the late Joseph Gales to drop a controversy, no matter what advantage he had in the argument, the moment it threatened to run into personalities, and Mr. Forney seems to have made a like rule for himself. We of the profession are apt to discourse a good deal about the dignity of the press, and the necessity of maintaining that dignity by decorum and the cultivation of what has such a fine sound as a phrase, "the Annamities of Journalism;" but, after the fashion of other guide-boards, we, for the most part, point the way we don't follow. Yes it is undoubtedly true that there is a general, though slow, progress toward a higher plane. And if ever that millennial period is reached when newspaper men shall find it possible to live together in unity and peace, it will be through the influence of such gatherings as this, and of such exemplars as him we are assembled to-night to honor.

I give you as a toast—Colonel John W. Forney: Distinguished as a journalist, efficient as an official, zealous as a politician, forgiving as an opponent, and true as a friend. We who have been professionally associated with him here at the national metropolis part with him with regret, and wish him godspeed."

Colonel Forney then, amid cheers and applause, spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF COLONEL FORNEY.

Let me confess, gentlemen, that I have a professional prejudice against a public dinner. There was an age—it seems almost a century since—when I had a great longing to be invited to one; but that was in the genesis of my newspaper aspirations. Any one who is compelled to

repeat the platitudes of others, as all of us have done, is not easily appeased by good fare and a generous host. He gradually tires of the "damnable iteration," and finds himself at last a remorseless critic. He has no mercy for the toast-master, the orator or the company, and he escapes from his task to his solitary pipe or his faithful author, well convinced that public dinners have been invented for the special degradation of newspaper men. But are we not apt to carry this prejudice too far? A public dinner is only an exaggerated private dinner, and such I propose to regard to-night's festivity.

That first of American Bohemians, Benjamin Franklin, who began his editorial career at twelve or fourteen years old, in the streets of Boston, by selling ballads or "vases," as he called them, and whose grandmother, Mary Morrell, was bought by his grandfather, Peter Folger, for twenty pounds, out of white slavery, taught us all, through his great life, to be proud of our vocation, and never more than in the first lines of his last will and testament, which begins with: "I Benjamin Franklin, printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France, now President of the State of Pennsylvania," etc. For while every journalist is not a printer, the tie between the editorial and composing rooms is so strong and so close that the man who writes has no keener regret than that he has not learned to set types. Yet it is not true that we have little of that pride which inspires and aids every other profession or calling?

We have the lawyers bound together by their sheepskins; we have societies of doctors combined by their diplomas; we have the guilds of the scholars sealed by their personal attachments; we have the merchants with their boards of trade; the moneyed men with their boards of brokers; the farmers with their agricultural leagues; the mechanics with their trades unions, the labor combinations extending all over the States and Territories; we have the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, Hebrew and Greek, however divided on other things, acting together in each of their special work; we have the ladies forgetting their discussions and uniting at last for suffrage and self-protection; but who ever has heard of a corporation of journalists or a guild of editors that lasted beyond one or two voluble conventions or a luxurious railroad excursion, when they paid their way by flattery of their entertainers?

I do not stop to solve the difficulty or supply the remedy. I state a plain fact for your reflection. I am talking to a most critical audience, and one that will not certainly accuse me of flattery, when I say that if we are underrated by those we are eternally building up, it is because we are not true to ourselves.

I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for this really generous compliment. I am not going to say I do not deserve it at your hands; for there is not one man in this goodly company that I do not count as my personal friend, and to whose house I would not go uninvited, if I happened in this hungry and poor. I hope you will all believe, if you come my road, that my home will be open, and my heart warm to welcome you. I feel, therefore, that it is right for us to be together to-night. I have been, off and on, a quarter of a century heretofore. I have seen, as you have, a great many changes, but that which has most gladdened me is the rapid rise of our profession. You here at this board,—each man representing a great paper, and so many trustees of the interests and honor of your chiefs; not a few fit to be chiefs yourselves,—have done much to elevate the character of that profession. The very responsibility imposed on the correspondents and editors at the

capital makes them gentlemen. It is astonishing how a pen in the hand of an honest man always appeals to his conscience. It is true the power you wield breeds and impels suspicion, and those who fear are ever prompt to falsify. But let me say this for you, my friends, that in a long course of years, begun even when "Grandfather" Gobright was a young man about town, I heard of corrupt politicians, dishonest legislators, treacherous Cabinet ministers, and heartless Presidents; but among the best men I have ever known—the true friends and the most unselfish patriots—were those I made in the printing-office, and the Bohemians who came here to take notes before they plume their pinions for bolder flights.

When the Revolutionary war began in April of 1775, there was one paper in New Hampshire, seven in Massachusetts, two in Rhode Island, four in Connecticut, four in New York, nine in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, two in Virginia, two in North Carolina, three in South Carolina and one in Georgia. At the beginning of the year 1810, New Hampshire had twelve, all weeklies; Massachusetts thirty-two, all weeklies but nine that were semi-weeklies; Rhode Island seven weeklies and one semi-weekly; Connecticut eleven, all weekly; Vermont fourteen, all weekly; New York sixty-six, of which seven were daily and six semi-weekly; New Jersey eight, all weeklies; Pennsylvania seventy-one, of which nine were daily, three semi-weekly and one tri-weekly, all the rest weekly; Delaware two semi-weekly; Maryland twenty-one, of which five were daily, four tri-weekly, six semi-weekly and the rest weekly; the District of Columbia six,—the *National Intelligencer*, tri-weekly, by S. H. Smith and Joseph Gales, Jr.; the *Universal Gazette*, weekly, by S. H. Smith; the *Monitor*, tri-weekly, by J. B. Colvin; the *Spirit of '76*, semi-weekly, by Edward C. Stannard; the *Independent American*, at Georgetown, tri-weekly, by Edgar Patterson; the *Alexandria Gazette*, daily, at Alexandria, by Samuel Snowden. Virginia had twenty-three papers, of which there were six semi-weekly and one tri-weekly, with Thomas Ritchie at the head of the *Enquirer* and Samuel Pleasants at the head of the *Argus*, afterward the *Whig*; North Carolina had ten, all weekly; South Carolina ten, three daily, two semi-weekly and five weekly; Georgia had thirteen, of which one was tri-weekly, two semi-weekly and the rest weekly; Kentucky seventeen, all weekly; Tennessee six, all weekly; Ohio fourteen, all weekly; Indiana Territory one weekly, printed at Vincennes, by Elihu Stout; Mississippi Territory four weeklies; the Territory of Orleans ten papers, all printed at New Orleans, of which two were daily, four tri-weekly, one semi-weekly and one weekly, most of them being in French and English and one in Spanish. And then we had the *Missouri Gazette*, weekly, at St. Louis, published by Joseph Charles. The whole list in 1810 stood: Twenty-seven daily papers, thirty-eight printed twice, fifteen three times and two hundred and seventy-nine once a week.

I can remember the old Ramage wooden press and the buckskin balls with which I worked off many "a token," giving a whole day to an edition. As I stand before one of Hoe's lightning creations, which throws off its 20,000 an hour, I feel like standing before some great Genie born to annihilate error and to uplift the oppressed of all the world. I go back to my native town, and visit the spot where stood the little brick office where I spent the happiest days of my life, setting and distributing type, reading proof, "pulling off" a considerable edition of my employer's papers, and then helping to pack, direct, and get them into the one-horse mails of the time. And I find it gone, but in its

place a daily paper, printed in an extensive establishment, with steam presses; and this daily rivaled by another for the evening, and by weeklies equally prosperous, not in the county seat alone, but in every considerable village within its limits. There are hundreds of counties in the thirty-seven States and ten Territories of our happy country, of which this picture of my native Lancaster, in good old Pennsylvania, may be as truly drawn.

I came first to the nation's capital when most of the Washington papers above-named had passed out of existence, all save the old *Intelligencer* and the *Globe*; but I remember well the influence exerted by Duff Green, the bold ability of Francis P. Blair, the personal power of that illustrious pair, Gales and Seaton, whose gentle manners in society, and whose scholarship in journalism gave them such a prestige in all circles, and seemed to them an enduring fame. Party policy had just superseded the Blairs by the Ritchies. In those days a Government organ did not need more than a year or two to enrich the proprietor. The choicest plum that could be given to the faithful scribe, Democratic or Whig, was to appoint him Government editor, with all the resulting patronage of printing and advertising. There never was a more disinterested or simple-hearted man than Thomas Ritchie. He was succeeded by General Armstrong, of Tennessee, equally generous and honest. I have often thought, if the Duff Greens, the Blairs, and Riveses, the Ritchies and the Armstrongs, had had railroads, telegraphs and shorthand reporters at their command twenty or thirty years ago, they would have made Washington City the seat of a prosperous and permanent journalism; for they paid all their employes like princes. But all these great agencies are the real outgrowth of the last twenty years—may I not say it, almost the outgrowth of the war? We had no such photographs of Congress and society as we have to-day. Our telegraph news amounted, when it came, to nothing. We had no Gobright to collect, digest, distill and distribute the intelligence of the capital to all the extremities of the continent. We had no Donn Piatt to tell the gentlemen in office their faults; no Crouse to speak of their good deeds; no Townsend to describe battles; no Perley Poore to enrich Boston *Journals* by faithful services; no Painters to satisfy exacting *Inquirers*; no Sanderson to our *Herald Heralds*; no Warden to watch over distant *Posts*; no Macfarlands to enlighten *The Press*; no Boynton to inspire the *Gazette*; no Adams to illuminate the *World*; no Harvey to civilize the *North American*; no Allen to make Democracy popular; no Hinton to make Radicalism agreeable; no Noyes to cultivate his *Star* in peace and prosperity; no Florence to make every *Sunday Gazette* a fragrance and a flavor; no Murtagh to murder vice without offense to those who practice it; no Harris to harass rivals with enterprising *Patriots*; no Shaw whom none dare to slaw; no Youngs to teach us the folly of growing old; no Washington to make us forget rebellion; no Barr to welcome us with hearty hospitality; and no Coyle to sing the "Good Arkansas Gentlemen all of the Olden Time."

But now our responsibilities increase every hour. Improvements in machinery, paper and type, in the transmission of news and the education of the people, demand stupendous efforts in proprietors, publishers and editors. We are passing out of the realm of Fancy into the realm of Reality. The only intolerance tolerated now is intolerance of loose writing and unfounded statement. No sensation compensates like that which is based on truth. Readers and editors clamor for the gold of facts. A ripe journalist, like Greeley, or Bennett, who pays thousands

of dollars for a single accurate telegram from the seat of war, at home or abroad, receives more compliments than a successful general, and is better, because ungrudgingly paid. And although in my own opinion we are still too negligent of our influence and of our interests, no one can trace the magical growth of journalism in this country and its magical improvement in style and temper, without predicting a still healthier and more thorough revolution. I have given you a few details of the condition and number of newspapers in the United States in 1775 and in 1810. But in 1870, sixty years after the last date, we count fifty-five hundred news periodicals of all degrees, with a probable annual circulation of not less than seven hundred and twenty-five millions. Of these four hundred and seventy-five are dailies, circulating nearly two millions of copies every twenty-four hours; one hundred and sixty are agricultural journals, circulating over half a million; and about three hundred religious periodicals, circulating over two and a half millions of copies of each edition—an aggregate, without counting our monthly literature, larger than that of the rest of the civilized world. In fifty years, when our population shall have attained, on the present ratio of increase, to one hundred and fifty millions, the boy of seventeen to-day will have a far different story to tell. God only knows what sciences will do for humanity in the interval. The work of redemption is not finished. Freedom, in its best sense, having rescued one world, has many more to conquer by its sublime agencies. Let us so bear ourselves in the little margin that lies between us and the grave that when we are remembered, if remembered at all, it will be as men who worked for the welfare of their fellow-creatures with all their hearts, and who employed their best gifts for the best interests of their common country.

The Chairman then said to Mr. Gobright, of the Associated Press, whose ramifications extend all over the country, "I propose to drink a regular toast," in reply to which Mr. Gobright said:

SPEECH OF A. GOBRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN: The glory of a free people is the possession of a government founded upon justice. It is their duty at all times to defend it against assaults from without and the causes of ruin within. Education is an essential principle with a view to the elevation of morals. The political superstructure being a social necessity, controversies as to the architecture and materials to be employed only excite comment and thus quicken the interest in the great results. The people, however, select the workmen—Congress to make the laws, the judiciary to expound them, the President to administer them, and the press to record them with comments, either of censure or favorable, as the public interests may demand. We have heard from the press; it is but just that we should now hear from Congress—from one who is a native and a resident of a part of the country the people of which have long been familiar with the subject of constitutions for the purpose of securing religious and political freedom. I, therefore, in the name of this society and at the command of our President, respectfully call upon the Hon. Charles Sumner to respond to—

"The Government of the United States; the press records with pride the acts of the executive and legislative branches to secure the honor of the nation abroad and its prosperity at home."

FAREWELL TO WASHINGTON OF J. W. FORNEY.

RESPONSE OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Well, Mr. President, when I listened to the learned remarks of our excellent friend Mr. Cobright, on education, on architecture, and various other interesting and important topics, I could not imagine that he would land on me. [Laughter.] By what process I am brought in that line is past my comprehension; and I am still further mystified when I find that I am addressed, if I may so say, or called upon to respond I will say, for the Government. [Great laughter.]

Mr. President, do I represent the Government? [Laughter.] I wish I did represent the Government. [Applause.] I fear that I do not. I do represent Massachusetts [great applause], venerable, beloved Commonwealth, who gives me a commission to speak; but I do not represent the Government. And yet, as you speak of the Government, I am reminded of an incident which may not be familiar to all, as indeed I do not remember ever to have seen it in print, of what occurred to Joseph Bonaparte when he first landed in New York after the overthrow of his family. When leaving France he sought a home on this side of the ocean, and, landing at New York, he looked about for a soldier, a *gens d'arme*, or at least a policeman, to whom he could exhibit his passport. But he found neither, and at last exclaimed: "This is the first country where I ever found myself in which I could not find the government." [Laughter.] And I believe that you are not more fortunate to-night when you address me than Joseph Bonaparte was when in New York he could not find the Government. [Laughter and applause.]

But, Mr. President, I believe that to-night you are thinking much less of the Government than of your guest. [Applause.] At least I confess that I am; you know we are talking confidentially here. ["Yes; no reporters."] And yet, if you will allow me, as you allude to the Government, to be for one moment grave, I will say that for this Government of ours I do wish that it may be so good and true and brave that it may become an example of republican institutions and commend them throughout the world. [Great applause.] I am a believer in republican institutions. By that sign I believe civilization is to conquer, and therefore do I wish that my country should be a great example. [Applause.]

I must not forget, however, the title by which I am here to-night. I am here only as a witness. This is a celebration to the gentlemen of the press in Washington and an honored guest, the party of the first part being the press, and the party of the second part my honored friend, John W. Forney. I am only a witness. Of course, you can expect little from a witness. I should cheerfully sign my name in a corner, and all the substantive parts are independent of me. But, so far as it may be permitted to a witness to declare anything, may I declare the pleasure that I have in this token of fellowship and harmony, so honorable to the many hosts and to the single guest. [Applause.] Such a token is, to my mind, an example which must do much to smooth those differences which, unhappily, too often arise in public life.

Are we not told, though, that we all reap as we have sown? And has not our guest always sown the seeds of kindness and good will? [Great applause.] And, therefore, should he not now reap this reward? I remember full well that in my early friendship with our guest there were differences on important questions; but I remember also that

amidst all those differences there was a constant amenity which made me forget them. He is about to go from this circle by which he is now surrounded, and with which he has so long lived in intimacy, to find his home in another circle; and the best wish that I can give to him is, that where he goes he may find the same happiness and the same welcome which I am sure he has here. [Applause.]

Our guest, only a moment ago, in conversation with me alluded to this Saturday evening which so peculiarly belongs to you, and he likened it to the Cotter's Saturday Night. In that exquisite, perhaps unrivaled poem of Burns—I know not if I can remember the words—the poem I have often read, and I cannot forget it, we are told:

"The toil-worn cotter from his labor goes,
To-night his weekly moil is at an end,
His mattock he flings, his spade and hoe."

Such, I believe, is your case to-night, my friends, unless, unhappily, you are connected with the Sunday press. [Great laughter.] And now, may I say, in closing these remarks ["Go on!"] that I can only wish for you that from this social enjoyment you may have the refreshment which the simple cotter won, as described by Burns; may you go home strengthened in heart and refreshed in soul. [Great applause.]

THE PRESS AND THE BAR.

Colonel Donn Platt, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was called upon to propose the next toast. After a few humorous remarks he gave the following:

"*The Press and the Bar*; The two professions that of all others, without much love, have the profoundest respect for each other."

Daniel Dougherty was called upon to respond, which he did as follows:

RESPONSE OF DANIEL DOUGHERTY, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN: As I am a stranger to you all, I beg to introduce myself. [Laughter.] I am Dan Dougherty. I am "a chiel among ye takin' notes," and if I happen to say anything, I beg, for God's sake, that you won't print it. I could say, I think, as young Norval says:

"Never before stood I in such a presence."

I have heard it said that there are people who would prefer standing before a park of artillery to an audience. Now I confess—that is communicated to you confidentially—that I would not care if I had an audience of a thousand or ten thousand, but I vow I am the most diffident child in the world when I stand before the men who are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the times. You are the men not only who make the reputation of the public men of the country, but you are the men who make the history of the country.

I do not know that I am expected to speak about the bar. I do not think that Mr. Sumner spoke much about the Government [laughter], and as he did not speak much about the Government, I do not think I will speak much about the bar. I can only say that, so far as the bar is concerned, we are a band of brothers—brothers-in-law. [Great

laughter.] We may have our fights and contests in court; but when the court adjourns we adjourn our differences, and, heart in heart and hand in hand, we leave the court together. And, according to the old story, if there is anybody to be cut, it is scissors-like, not each other, but that which happens to be between. [Laughter.]

Let me give you one piece of advice, and I won't charge you anything for it—and if that is not an extraordinary proof of what a Philadelphia lawyer can do I should like to know it. [Laughter.] Let me say to you, gentlemen of the press, God bless you; for if there is a man in the world who has received unbounded favors from you—I do not mean you of the nation, but I mean the Philadelphia Press—if there is any one else who has been grateful in his heart of hearts for kindness received, I am the man. And I say to you, gentlemen of the press, no matter how you may differ in politics, "Wide as the poles asunder" though you may be, when you come to leave politics aside and be friends, be ye knit together as a band of brothers, love each other in your hearts, and you will be respected by all. [Great applause.] That is advice which I will not charge you anything for. [Laughter.]

I have not got a speech prepared. Mr. Piatt said he forgot the sentiment. That was all humbug. [Laughter.] We understand it at this end of the table. If you supposed you could cheat us by any such dodge as that, you were mistaken. [Laughter.] It is an Irish compliment, but we think that you are not so dull as you look down there, and therefore I do not know what to say. If there is an occasion, egad, in my whole life when I would like to make a speech, it is before such men as you are. I might make my reputation, a historic, national reputation, if I had a speech here to-night; but I have none. I never thought of it. I thought this was to be a time of geniality, a time for good fellowship, a time for brotherly love; and therefore I have no speech to make. If I had anything to say, gentlemen, this is not the place to say it, because if I let my heart speak out to-night, it would well out in the deepest and heartiest tones of friendship for the man of all the men in the world I love best. [Applause.] There are few among us who have not many acquaintances; the best of us have few friends; but among the friends that I wear, as *Hamlet* were *Horatio*, in my "heart of hearts," the first in the list of them is the honored guest of you gentlemen here to-night. [Great applause.]

As I said, I cannot let my heart speak. If it speaks, it speaks sacred to the privacy of friendship. When I was a boy, struggling to make my way in life, without a friend, a relative, or a parent, the first man that took me by the hand, that welcomed me to his home, that honored me with his friendship, the first man of all the world was John W. Forney. [Great applause.] He had nothing to make from me, for I "no revenue had;" no one knew me, but he took me by the hand; he made me his friend; and he, having made me his friend, as long as God blesses me with life, I am and ever shall be his. Aye, one of the delights of my life is to be gathered with good friends around the festive board. I cannot play cards. I cannot, like Foote of Mississippi, hit a barn-door with a pistol at ten paces. I have not that accomplishment of the gentleman, to ride a horse. I cannot roll ten-pins nor play billiards. The only joy of my life is when I shuffle business cares off to meet friends at the festive board. And the first man who ever welcomed me to his table; the first who gave me the joys of the dinner-party, was the gentleman whom you honor to-night as your favorite guest. And when my mind looks back upon the

many, the hundred happy hours I have passed at a hundred dinner-tables, the lights flashing back concentrate at the hospitable board of John W. Forney, where I was for the first time a guest. He is the gentleman of whom, if I permitted myself to talk egad, I'd talk until the

* * * * *
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.]

And, therefore as *Hamlet* says: "I'll break our watch" and take my seat. God bless you, gentlemen, for honoring my friend. [Long-continued applause.]

THE PRESS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Geo. W. Adams, Esq., of the New York *World*, proposed:

"The Press of Philadelphia; In securing the undivided labors of Colonel Forney, its gain is our loss."

Colonel Fitzgerald, of the *Evening City Item*, responded as follows:

RESPONSE OF COL. THOMAS FITZGERALD.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: You perceive that I am much more ready than my friend Dougherty was, for I had warning that "great expectations" were indulged on my account. I had received a telegram from my good friend Gobright to come here "cocked and primed." [Laughter.] I came here primed, but the cocking has been done since I arrived. [Laughter.] On my right sits Mr. Gobright, a very powerful drinker. [Laughter.] On my left sits Colonel Florence, another tremendous swiper [laughter]; but these good gentlemen, for some reason or other unknown to the court, have thought fit to-night to decline their grog and have put it all upon me. Here I am, gentlemen, before you with three times the regular supply, and consequently seriously cocked. [Laughter.] I am in the condition of the member of Congress who knew no North, no South, no East, no West; and very true for him, gentlemen, for he had never studied his geography nor anything else. [Laughter.]

But seriously, gentlemen, when the kind invitation came to sit at your festive board, I embraced it with alacrity, with a secret joy, because I felt anxious to witness the compliment that should be paid to my very dear friend, my friend of nearly thirty years' standing, one from whom I have received much kindness, great kindness, publicly and privately. And besides, gentlemen, I felt it a privilege to be with what I call the master minds of the Press of this country, the brilliant men, the ready men, the minute men, the men who can work all day and all night, and still be fresh in the morning. I therefore thank you for having, in your great kindness, remembered me.

What shall I say, gentlemen, about the Press? I can only say this: That, as an institution, it has kept pace with the great, the wonderful progress of the times. In no single sense have we fallen behind any of the professions. Take the law, medicine, any of the professions, and you will find that the Press is still on the front line of them all. See, gentlemen, what newspapers we have; take the

newspapers of New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington, Philadelphia, and nowhere in the world do you find better newspapers. And, what is most remarkable, you find here in your very midst; here in the person of your honored guest to-night, one of the brightest illustrations of the power of this Press—a poor boy, with little education, with poor parents, put into a printing-office, making his way up from the case to the press, from the press to the foremanship, from the foremanship to the ownership, from the ownership to the editorship, and then to become a power in a county that is almost a principality; translated then to the great city of Philadelphia, and constantly betwixt that great city and Washington, to become one of the great men of the country—a man, gentlemen, who could make small men great, and who, when wronged, could show that he could make those who thought themselves great, very small indeed. [Great applause.] There is an example to the young men who sit around this board to-night. Let them feel its influence as I felt it thirty years ago, when he took me, a boy, by the hand and said, "You will rise; they can't keep you down;" and by hard work and by industry I have succeeded in a small way, thank God.

Gentlemen, I feel another pleasure in being here to-night, because I see at this board one whom I have learned to respect and love; one who speaks for this great nation of ours, and whose heart throbs with the heart throb of that nation; one who is here to-night, gentlemen, at your board by the sacred right of scholarship; one who stands before this nation honored, respected, loved; one who has "a voice potential," "double as the Duke's." [Great applause and cheers for "Sumner."]

The Chairman having called upon Mr. George Alfred Townsend, that gentleman responded as follows:

SPEECH OF GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I seldom attend Press dinners, because they generally appear to me to be occasions for making amicable resolutions which will never be kept. In any pursuit where vanity is an equal component with labor, emulations are sure to be begotten which in time become animosities, and to gentlemen endowed with our arbitrary power to turn a sentence and spread it broadcast, a newspaper animosity is something to be avoided. I do not know that we will ever be long-suffering and charitable to each other, for the newspaper profession in its best aspects is a sort of literature, and if we look back over the history of art and literature we will find that their bickerings are nearly as conspicuous as their achievements.

The next generation looks charitably upon the wranglings of artistic people, and measures their lives by their professional results. I feel sometimes a consciousness as I go about the streets and look down upon the National Congress, and feel that strong repulsion or affinity inseparable from our craft, that I and my compeers live only in the barbaric age of Journalism, that we are the vanguard of a great profession which shall expand with this Republic—sure to be under its institutions the greatest and most active fermentation of man ever beheld—to write for the greatest reading population, which will thereby demand the finest type of journalists, and after we have

passed away, we and present parties, another generation with more civilization shall arise who will expect in our avocation the statesman and the teacher.

I had wished to come to this dinner to-night, because the man in whose honor it is given was one of my earliest employers. I knew him as long ago as any young man sitting here. In 1859 I was a reporter upon his paper, THE PRESS, at Philadelphia, and I can say that, as I recall the long series of newspaper proprietors in whose service I have been, Colonel Forney has been, on the whole, one of the most magnanimous, considerate, and encouraging whom I have ever met. We all differ somewhat as to the rank we should seek to occupy, and the service we should seek to do; but saying nothing about this mere matter of taste, to to-night's gathering shows that we part from our guest with decided unanimity of regret. This is the most general association of working newspaper men ever collected together in Washington at one entertainment. A few are missing—some from domestic motives; others, I grieve to say, because they could not bear the expense of meeting here, for we all know that the reward of writing for the public is too frequently poor indeed.

Our guest leaves us to-night, after a very long residence in this city as writer, contributor, editor and proprietor, satisfied that his task here is done, and that, compared to his better appreciated work in the city of Philadelphia, it had better be quitted. But can we say he has not been successful in our avocation?

What is success? We are in the habit of measuring success by the net profits in gold of a laborious life. When one dies leaving behind him a goodly sum, we say he was successful. If he die poor though powerful, we say his life, on the whole, was not successful. And when we see the sons of the rich squandering their inheritance, how fleeting, above all things, is the accomplished value of a gainful life, we are apt to remark that, on the whole, money is a doubtful measure of success.

Colonel Forney has been the editor of the organ at the Capital of the most potential Administration ever known under popular government. This city was the base of operations for four years of a mighty series of armies which encamped about these hills, and pierced the neighboring State to distant battle-fields, cheered in their rear most promptly by the Washington *Chronicle*. Into that paper ten thousand items entered, whose authorship was as various as it was representative of all the elements which made the great State of our great time. The President suggested many items there. The Foreign Secretary ground many an axe there. The Home Secretary used those columns to put himself in communication with the intelligence which he most demanded to carry out his projects.

It was the business of that paper to account for defeat, and to exaggerate victory. It was a part of the army—a column in the war. It always went forward, and until now it has never retreated. It enlivened the camps with news of home, and even we war correspondents held it like a family friend when following the armies into strange old counties and sequestered nooks, which, by the arbitration of war, became historic battle-fields. Filled as it is with the chronicles of the leading men, who were opposing slavery and rebellion, as full of suggestiveness as is an egg full of meat, the paper of all papers most nearly in communication with the Republican party, Forney's *Chronicle* is stowed away in every library of the land, and, turning over its files

in the future, the writer of history and the student of human nature, observing whose privilege it was to edit so important a paper in so momentous a time, will never pause to ask the question we ask to-night, Has Colonel Forney's Washington career been anything else than a success?

We may differ among ourselves, as I have said, about the editor's province, his due relations to government, the degree of his independence, how much he should serve his profession, and how much his party; but if, as I apprehend, the verdict of the future will differ as much upon this matter as do we, still this paper and this man belong emphatically to the transient period when the State put by its superstitions and its idolatries, and mounted to the highest level of humanity, of homogeneity, and of country.

Why should he, then, pass from among us with this spontaneous and complete testimonial of the personal esteem of his associates, with the record which his paper has made upon the first city in the first country of our hemisphere, and not be considered as a man most successful? He has run his course; he has finished his career here; the worst that can be said of him is, that his work is done. If this is failure, all accomplished careers are failures. If this is success, our guest quits Washington a successful man.

In response to the Chair who offered a toast to the European Press and called upon Mr. L. Q. Washington as the correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* to respond, that gentleman said:

SPEECH OF L. Q. WASHINGTON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I had not expected to be called on to address you to-night; and for other reasons, besides the state of my health, I would much have preferred to be a silent auditor of the speeches of others, and especially such as that of the gentleman who just preceded me (Mr. Townsend), to whose eloquent remarks upon the dignity and growing duties of our profession of journalism, I have listened with so much pleasure and such hearty concurrence. Mr. President, my relation as a correspondent of a great English Daily has naturally led me often to compare together the distinctive features of the English and American Press. In the general management of a newspaper; in variety and fullness of the topics presented; in the activity, intelligence and enterprise displayed in obtaining and publishing news, in the wonderful tact shown in adapting journalism to the public demands, thus making the daily paper a very mirror and body of the times in which we live; I think there is no comparison between the English and the American Press. The comparison is all in favor of our own. But when I come to the editorial columns of the two I fear the palm must be given to the English Press. I refer not merely to the superior finish and style of the editorial articles—for in that there is a great improvement in the American Press—nor yet to the fullness and breadth of discussion displayed in the English journals, but to the temper in which these editorials are framed, the general impartiality, fairness and candor exhibited in discussion, the absence of offensive personalities, the charity shown to opposing opinion and the liberality toward political opponents. In all these things I fear they have as yet greatly the advantage of us. Gentlemen, ours is a hard life. We may have, we do have a great power, and with it, too, a great responsibility; we may, some of us, perhaps, achieve fame and occupy a

space in the public eye; there is something, indeed, of value to human pride in all this; but for all of us who are laborers and writers the pecuniary rewards of journalism are very meagre; our work is hard and unremitting; we are cut off from many pleasures and enjoyments which are open to other professions; in short, our life is always a hard and often, for many, a bitter one. Now, we of all men need to cherish an earnest sympathy with each other; we need not only the amenities and charities of journalism, but to extend to our brother journalists a kind, personal appreciation and often a helping hand. It is especially in this relation, and recognizing this duty of journalists to one another, that I am glad to be here to-night to join in this warm tribute to our guest—whom though thoroughly opposed to in politics, I find one who has constantly appreciated this duty—one who has respected the amenities of journalism, and in his long and able career been conspicuous for his many acts of personal courtesy, kindness and liberality toward other members of the Press without respect to their political opinions. It is to such acts as these that I am happy and prompt to give my hearty recognition here to-night.

One word more, gentlemen. As I have been referred to specially by reason of my connection as correspondent for a British journal, I may be allowed to say something very briefly in reference to the political relations between these two great nations—England and America—over which there has been, and is now, a cloud. I am able to say most positively, from my frequent observation of the English Press and of English opinion, that it is the constant, the earnest wish of the British Press and people to cultivate and perpetuate the closest, the most enduring friendship and alliance with this great country. They have not, I am certain, any wish inconsistent with its peace, progress, unity and development as a great Republic. The English journal which I represent in this country has a much larger circulation than any Daily published in England—or, I believe, in the world—reaching all classes of the British population; and not only are its utterances always most cordial and respectful to the American Government and people; but I may, without impropriety, say, that in discharging my own duties as a correspondent, I have reason to believe that I render them most acceptably to the readers of that journal by avoiding everything tending to irritate and estrange, and by omitting no opportunity to promote a good will and a good understanding between the two peoples. And this is but a type of the British Press of to-day. I trust, gentlemen, that you will bear these facts in mind when you shall come to speak of the questions at issue between the two countries, and that you also may use your own great power over public opinion in the interests of a firm, a cordial and a lasting peace between these two great nations upon whom the cause of civilization so largely depends. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind attention.

W. P. Copeland Esq., of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, was called upon by the Chairman and said:

SPEECH OF W. P. COPELAND.

GENTLEMEN: I would not miss the opportunity to thank our distinguished Chairman for his compliment to me. I would write you a blood-curdling essay regarding the tariff on salt, jute, butts, coal, alkali, or Bessemer steel; would discuss the funding bill or the

different plans of resuming specie payments, or the difference between the surveyed capacity and taxable production of a nash-tub or still; but I can't make a speech. Young in years and in the profession, I feel that the listener's part is the graceful role for me when surrounded by so many talented and experienced journalists.

We meet to-night to express our appreciation of the past efforts of our distinguished frater, Colonel John W. Forney, and our regret that he is so soon to leave us and exert his abilities in a new field. My acquaintance with Mr. Forney commenced at a recent date, in fact, though I have known him by sight since early boyhood, yet even now our associations do not partake of that close relation which should knit friends in the same profession. That we have not been well acquainted has been my misfortune, and not his fault. I have looked in Colonel Forney's eye and thought I discovered that he is soul and heart from head to foot, that his heart wells out in charity and friendship for all his fellow men. I have heard that he encouraged and pointed young journalists to a brilliant future. I have heard of his many good qualities and thought I saw them beaming forth in every feature of his face. His life has been checkered; he has changed from one political party to another, but he has always preserved an unalterable attachment to personal friends. As the finger of time shall point to the flight of hours and years, I hope he may in the retrospect observe a scintilla in his and our lives and recognize it as this occasion. I shall always look upon it as a bright era in the profession of Washington journalism, because we meet to show you that we are all brothers in the profession, and that no party division or private clique between ourselves interferes with the universal desire to express our hearty and substantial wishes for your future welfare.

In response to a complimentary toast to M. W. Barr, of the Southern Associated Press, that gentleman paid the following tribute to the lamented George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*:

SPEECH OF M. W. BARR.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: Recall to your minds any old soldier of the Little Corporal. They are nearly all gone; but most of us have come in contact with them as teachers of fencing, or of boxing, or other of the minor arts of war. Who among us has been so heedless of his earlier lessons in human nature as to have forgotten the tearful eye, fierce face and erect figure of these veterans—so stiff as to cause apprehension that their earnestness would make their old wounds bleed afresh, when they sputtered, in half a dozen languages at once, their adoration of him who died at St. Helena?

There are heroes of peace as well as of war; and those who served in the journalistic columns which George D. Prentice led, may well allow themselves to seem absurdly in earnest when they speak of their leader. Truth scoffs at the feebleness of hyperbole when the most gifted of the followers of Mr. Prentice attempt to portray his greatness. If his panegyric is ever uttered it must come from one of his fellow leaders of inky columns; possibly from the lips of our guest. His followers did their level in lower flights; but one of them hopes to beguile you of a smile, possibly of a tear, by brief allusion to his more material life. He has no hope of showing to you his love for his loving patron.

Mr. Prentice was a laboring man. However like flashes of lightning his paragraphs may have stricken the readers of his journal with convulsions of laughter, or of sobs, his inspirations came to him as the peep of day comes to us. Rosy-Fingered Morning, the Mother of Dawn and himself were equally busy; the one clearing the way for the sun, the other for the truth. The suns, for which Aurora clears the way, journey but for a day; the truths, for which our leader smoothed the path, travel forever.

Mr. Prentice sometimes used stimulants to drown thick-coming fancies. To have clad each ideal child of his fertile brain in letters of gold, ornamented with punctuation points of diamonds, would have exhausted the fancy treasures of a generation.

The hand of Mr. Prentice was always empty, because it was always open. His giving was a just equinox to his getting. The one was as long as the other.

Mr. Prentice was a brave man. Except his terrible brain shafts, which had world-wide range, he carried no concealed weapons. He never fought a duel. He had many street and office encounters, in which he was never the aggressor; always victorious; but this generous man never pushed victory beyond present safety. An aggrieved person traveled many miles to kill Mr. Prentice. After a moment's struggle the knee of Mr. Prentice was upon the breast of his armed assailant. An eager-edged knife was thrust into his hand, and one of Kentucky's chivalric gentlemen cried "cut the scoundrel's throat!" Mr. Prentice cast the knife aside; he would not strike a prostrate foe.

We who knew the gentle nature of Mr. Prentice are glad that notwithstanding his high sense of personal dignity, and his readiness at all times to maintain it, he has been spared the remorse of having taken human life.

George D. Prentice for the present is lost to us; but Elysian lyres have sounded, for him, the coming chorus, and Virgil, and Milton, and Shakespeare, and Saul of Tarsus, have welcomed his thought-wrought soul.

SPEECH OF R. J. HINTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN: In responding, sir, to the sentiment offered by you, I avail myself of the opportunity to express the pleasure afforded by this gathering of journalists in honor of so distinguished a member of our profession. In fifteen years of professional occupation as a reporter, editor and correspondent, much of it in the latter field and under a great variety of circumstances, I do not remember a single instance before of a journalist being honored by his brethren, simply and only because he was distinguished in his profession, and had honored them by making it respected. I have known editors banqueted and feted because they had become something else—Congressman, Senator, Governor, or it may even be, a Vice-President. We love our profession so much that most of us appear delighted to get out of it. I think, sir, that this gathering—and looking around me I may call it a notable one—we are all of us in the habit of taking notes, always discountable and never protested. I say this notable gathering to-night marks a new era in our professional lives. Here, in this "whispering gallery" of the Nation, we, whose faintest utterances may often quicken the pulse of forty million Americans, ought at least to possess as much good fellowship as will make each stand up for the others' professional repu-

tation. Agreeing with every word said by our friend "Gath," of the Western "Thunderer"—the *Chicago Tribune*—I join with all in doing honor to our guest. I am sure, sir, that he feels a just pride in the one significant fact, that our greeting to him to-night is not based upon newswoman success of place and honor on his part, but in token of the appreciation we have for his great abilities as a journalist, and especially of those traits of kindly fair dealing with his professional brothers, which make us all esteem so highly the name of John W. Forney.

Sir, you have done me the honor to link my name, in your toast, with that of Kansas—a State whose territorial infancy was rocked in the cradle of civil convulsion, and whose early manhood has been cast amid the perils of battle and the shock of war's utmost desolation. It would be ungracious for me to make remarks of a partisan character, and my reference now is only, sir, for the purpose of recalling a marked incident in the editorial career of our guest—one in which I am sure he takes an honorable pride. I think John W. Forney was the first leading political and partisan editor in America, bold and brave enough, to face the scorn of party associates; the loss of a life of endeavor, and resist, even to the verge of personal ruin, the domination of party rule and the dictation of its leaders. Sir, as to political merits or otherwise, I say not one word; but, in the abandonment of the journalistic leadership of

a party, to preserve and defend his own intellectual integrity and aid the redemption of pledges which appeared to affect the rights and liberties of a people, as John W. Forney then did, when in the well-known Leecompton struggle he withdrew from the Democratic organ and started that *Press* which has become so prominent and useful under his direction, our guest gave to the people a sterling proof of the power of our profession, and to us, its followers, a vindication of its true position, capacity and influence, which has since had a marked result. As a journalist I can look back to the effort of Col. Forney as the first marked incident in the recognized career of usefulness and honor which waits upon the truly independent journalist of this country. I trust, sir, that in closing, I may not be deemed as overstepping the bounds of that propriety which marks the limits of reference on occasions like this. If I express, to our guest, the gratitude which I in common with the great body of the then struggling Free State citizens of Kansas—sharing alike in the prelude strife of the greater struggle—felt toward Col. Forney for the services he rendered to them and their cause at the period I have alluded to. It was a great service, generously rendered, and the annals of the Times must, and do, recognize its essential importance.

WORDS FROM THE ABSENT.



THE CHAIRMAN read the following letters and telegrams from gentlemen who had been invited, but were unable to attend the dinner:

LETTER FROM HON. MORTON McMICHAEL.

OFFICE OF NORTH AMERICAN AND U. S. GAZETTE,
No. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, January 25, 1871.

DEAR SIR: If it were in my power to attend the dinner at Washington on Saturday, to which you have been instructed to invite me, it would give me pleasure to do so; but I made engagements which will require my presence here on that day.

My acquaintance with Colonel Forney extends back over so many years that I can hardly fix the date of its commencement, and in all that time our relations have been cordial and intimate. There were frequent periods when we essentially represented widely differing opinions and interests—periods of great heat and excitement, but amid all the clash and struggle of newspaper controversy our personal intercourse was never disturbed by any unkind feeling. Whatever I may have thought of his creed as a politician, or his utterances as an editor, I always esteemed the man, because I knew him to be earnest, sincere, generous, and affectionate; and if I could be with you I should be glad to say as much in the presence of the "journalists at the National Capital," who, to their own honor not less than to his praise, propose to entertain him, where, as one of their calling, he has labored so long and so faithfully. With my best respects to your colleagues, I am

Very truly yours,

MORTON McMICHAEL.

J. MACFARLAND, Esq.

LETTER FROM EDWIN FORREST.

WASHINGTON CITY, January 26, 1871.

DEAR FORNEY: When I received your letter of the 17th inst., asking me to be present at the dinner to be given in your honor by your friends of the Press in this city, on Saturday next, I felt I should be able to be one of the guests, although a prior engagement in Philadelphia for the same day had been made, and which I hoped readily to postpone; but I find now it must be met at the appointed time, and I shall be deprived the pleasure of witnessing the heartfelt homage you will enjoy amid the congratulations and kind wishes of your steadfast friends. Such festive occasions widen the field of our humanities, and to men of enlarged sympathies, whose hearts, like your own, sadden with the sorrows and exult in the triumphs of their friends, reveal the intensest gratification. May God bless you.

EDWIN FORREST.

COLONEL JOHN W. FORNEY.

TELEGRAM FROM DR. MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, January 28, 1871.

JOHN W. FORNEY: With my usual luck I have missed the train. Delayed by city passenger cars, taken off the line on account of frost.

R. S. MACKENZIE.

The reading of the above was received with roars of laughter.

The gentlemen present were invited by Colonel Forney, through Major Moore, the chairman, to meet him at his rooms, on Capitol Hill, next Monday evening. At a late hour the company separated, with cheers for the guest of the evening.

COURTESIES RECIPROCATED.

ON THE evening of Monday, January 30th inst., Colonel Forney's newspaper associates and other personal friends assembled in large numbers at his residence, No. 201 New Jersey Avenue, and were cordially received and sumptuously entertained by him. Representatives of the Press from nearly all the cities of the Union were present, and numerous members of the Senate and House of Representatives, Cabinet ministers and citizens of the District of Columbia, participated.

HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY,

On the part of the Pennsylvanians in Congress, bade an affectionate farewell to Colonel Forney, and referred with much feeling to the many happy hours they had spent under this hospitable roof. These rooms, said the Judge, were the headquarters of the loyal men during the war. Here we gathered to discuss measures and men. Here, after our toil in yonder marble Capitol, we communed in confidential and social intercourse, framed our plans, made acquaintances, cemented friendships, and exchanged opinions. In missing our host from these well-known and familiar quarters, we miss one whose peculiar qualities

can never be replaced. His fidelity to our cause, his disinterestedness, his unceasing labors were unequalled anywhere in this country. Receiving company, writing editorials for the *Chronicle* and *THE PRESS*, making speeches, visiting the departments to aid those who were here friendless and alone, and raising the spirits of the people in the darkest hour, he filled out more than twelve years of hard, incessant, yet cheerful toil, and he goes back to Pennsylvania to give his whole time to the great Journal of which he was the founder, and is the editor and proprietor. I need not say we part from our dear friend with great regret, and just at a period when he is most needed at this great political centre. I believe that the Administration commits a cardinal blunder in allowing him to depart. If he could stay here he would be of more benefit in healing our divisions and cementing our organization than any other man in the Union. But let us Pennsylvanians feel that if we lose him from Washington we secure him for Philadelphia.

COLONEL FORNEY

Replied briefly, and with much emotion, to Judge Kelley's hearty and eloquent address. The company remained till long after midnight.

THE REPUBLICANS OF THE DISTRICT.

ON TUESDAY EVENING, January 31st, 1871, the Republicans of the District received Colonel Forney at Wornley's, corner of Fifteenth and H streets. In accordance with printed invitations many distinguished gentlemen, in and out of Congress, participated. The District Republicans were composed, in a large degree, of colored men. When the Colonel entered the room, which he found densely crowded, he was affectionately greeted by

JOHN M. LANGSTON, ESQ.,

Professor of Howard Law University, in an address of unusual force and feeling. Mr. Langston hailed their guest as one who had, from the beginning of the great struggle, never swerved nor faltered in his defense of human rights. While many a heart quailed Colonel Forney had stood firm. Every measure intended for the elevation and improvement of the race, so long oppressed, received his instant and persistent support. The columns of *THE CHRONICLE* are filled with his appeals and his arguments. The rostrum rung with his noble logic and impassioned exhortations. When emancipation was debated

as the only real solution of the rebellion; when the arming of the colored man terrified the souls of fearful adversaries; when the ballot became the equitable sequence of the use of the bayonet; when the right to hold office and to sit upon juries followed as the inevitable results of these other franchises, John W. Forney's voice and pen hastened the consummation of measures which now stand among the irreversible and the grandest acts of Justice and of Law.

Professor Langston bade him an affectionate farewell in the name of the Republicans of the District of Columbia, who parted from their champion and their friend with a sorrow all the more sincere, because they can never find a substitute for one who was always the peace-maker in the midst of their discussions; who never allowed a single personal interest of his own to intervene; who counseled them freely at all hours; who, like the great and illustrious Stevens, insisted upon the education of their children; their participation in the government of the District of Columbia, and in the distribution of the official favors of the Administration. Wherever he goes the gratitude and love of the colored people of America will follow John W. Forney.

In response to the electric words of Professor Langston,

COLONEL FORNEY

Stated that the part he had taken in all these interesting and exciting years was the result of profound convictions. He could not help following these convictions. Reared in the school of the pro-slavery democracy he had only to come face to face with the wrongs, exactions, and tyrannies of that hateful institution, to resist them and to separate from those who sustained them. His experience in Congress, especially in the historical and tumultuous session of 1855-6, when for more than two months he was compelled, as Clerk of the House of Representatives, to preside over that body until General Banks was chosen Speaker, assured him that the Democratic party could never triumph until it changed its entire policy and ranged itself square on the side of opposition to slavery. His experience in the administration of General Pierce, when he saw his friend Reeder stricken down, as Governor of Kansas, by Jefferson Davis—then Secretary of War—simply because he refused to countenance the conspiracy by which slavery was to be forced into that Territory, like his experience in the succeeding administration of James Buchanan—when that conspiracy was made a test in the Democratic party—fixed his destiny in the Republican column, and he thanked God that he had the nerve to follow his faith from that hour to this. No period of his life was to him so full of satisfaction as the part he had been able to take in assisting to emancipate, to elevate, to educate, and to strengthen the colored men of America. It was among his sweetest memories and his supremest joys, and in going hence to another and an older field, to battle for the same cause, and to labor to the same end, while feeling that he parted from those whose kindness was all the more honorable because he had nothing to give in return but the record of his life, he desired to impress upon them the emphatic counsel, that if they would succeed, they must unite. If they would preserve what has been gained by them, they must cease these miserable dissensions. The District of Columbia, last election, was lost by personal quarrels among themselves. Hostile influences were planted here, under Democratic auspices, solely by these unhappy feuds. He had, in his own humble way, protested against this state of things, and he was glad to see

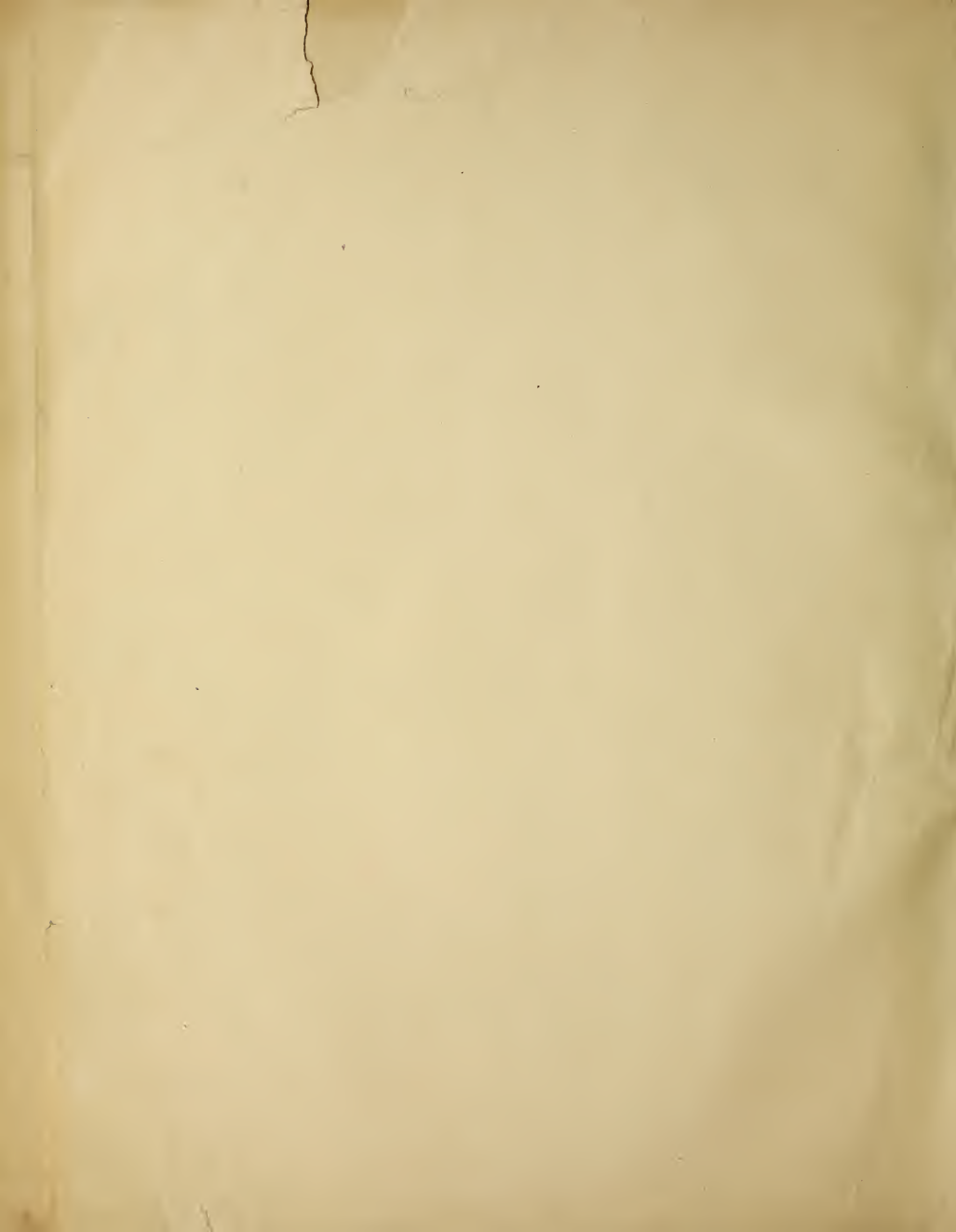
around him men who had belonged to the different factions, now, for the first time, fraternizing like brothers. He felt proud that the occasion of this tribute to him was also the occasion of reunion among themselves. No party, no organization, no corporation, no body of men, dedicated to any purpose or principle, can succeed without toleration, self-denial, and harmony. The future of our great country, though far brighter than that of other nations, is still clouded. Many of the doubts that have settled upon it are the outgrowth of the absence of disinterested patriotism in many of our public men. He is no fit leader who cannot ignore himself for the sake of his cause. He is no fit follower who cannot overlook the errors of his leader. We cannot all be captains, or generals, or Senators, or Presidents. Discipline is essential to the success of principle. A party is but the weapon with which we beat down our antagonists. Can we not be as united in the right as these antagonists are united in the wrong?

In conclusion Colonel Forney thanked his distinguished friend, Professor Langston, for the manner of his welcome. Identified with the progress of education among the freed people in this vicinity, as its most effective and illustrious teacher, he felt the honor more deeply, coming from one whose progress in life, and whose present high position, were perhaps among the best examples that could be offered to his rising and redeemed race. Observing in this crowded audience a distinguished gentleman, who, like himself, had once been a member of the Democratic party, and who, after a brilliant service in the field, and in the popular branch of Congress, had just been elected to the Senate of the United States by a grateful constituency, he would ask permission to propose the health and prosperity of General John A. Logan, of Illinois.

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN

Came forward and spoke briefly and pointedly in honor of the guest and of the occasion, after which, with many more speeches from the representative men of the Republican party in Congress and from leading men of the Republican party in the District, the company broke up in excellent humor.







SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, 1871



THE gentlemen representing the various great newspapers of the country in Washington, the Capital of the United States Government, together with a number of the editors of the local press, assembled at Welcker's restaurant, to take part in a complimentary dinner to COLONEL J. W. FORNEY, late editor and proprietor of the *Daily and Sunday Chronicle*, prior to his departure from among them.

THE FOLLOWING NAMED JOURNALISTS WERE PRESENT:

CROSBY S. NOYES, *Evening Star*.

W. J. MURTAGH, *National Republican*.

JOHN M. MORRIS, *Daily Chronicle*.

THOMAS B. FLORENCE, *Sunday Gazette*.

O. K. HARRIS, *Daily Patriot*.

A. B. TALCOTT, *Daily Patriot*.

J. N. BURRITT, *Sunday Herald*.

BEN. PERLEY POORE, *Boston Journal*.

L. A. GOBRIGHT, *Associated Press*.

GEORGE W. ADAMS, *New York World*.

W. B. SHAW, *Chicago Journal*.

J. MACFARLAND, *Philadelphia Press*.

L. Q. WASHINGTON, *London Telegraph*.

W. W. WARDEN, *Boston Post*.

JOHN F. COYLE, *N. Y. Democrat*.

W. P. COPELAND, *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

JAMES R. YOUNG, *N. Y. Standard*.

Z. L. WHITE, *N. Y. Tribune*.

WALTER ALLEN, *Boston Advertiser*.

F. A. RICHARDSON, *Balt. Associated Press*.

E. P. BROOKS, *Philadelphia Day*.

U. H. PAINTER, *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

FINLEY ANDERSON, *N. Y. Herald*.

R. J. HINTON, *N. Y. Evening Mail*.

M. W. BARR, *Southern Associated Press*.

J. G. HOLLAND, *N. Y. Associated Press*.

D. F. MURPHY, *The Daily Globe*.

GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND, *Chicago Tribune*.

DONN PIATT, *Cincinnati Commercial*.

G. B. P. RINGWALT, *Sunday Morning Chronicle*.

D. C. FORNEY, *Sunday Morning Chronicle*.

JOHN W. FORNEY, JR., *Sunday Morning Chronicle*.

THE FOLLOWING WERE PRESENT AS INVITED GUESTS OF COLONEL FORNEY:

HON. CHARLES SUMNER, of *Massachusetts*.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY Esq., of *Philadelphia*.

COL. THOMAS FITZGERALD, *Philadelphia City Item*.

GEN. C. K. GRAHAM, of *New York*.

THE FOLLOWING WERE INVITED, BUT COULD NOT ATTEND:

HON. MORTON McMICHAEL, *North American, Philadelphia*.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, *Press, Philadelphia*.

EDWIN FORREST, Esq., *Philadelphia*.

M E N U.

Samedi le 28 Janvier 1871.

DINER DE 40 COUVERTS.

ASSIETTES D'HUITRES ET CITRON.

POTAGES.

BAGRATION.

CONSOMMÉ DE VOLAILLE AUX RAVIOLES.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BOUCHÉES À LA MONTOLAS.

POISSON.

SAUMON À LA RÉGENCE.

POMMES DE TERRE À LA DUCHESSE.

RELEVÉE.

FILET DE BŒUF, PIQUÉ AU VIN DE MADÈRE.

ENTRÉES.

SUPRÊMES DE FAISANS À LA DAUPHINE.

TIMBALES DE MACARONI À LA PARISIENNE.

RIS DE VEAU À LA MONTPESSIER.

Punch Cardinal.

ROTIS.

SALADE DE LAITUC.

CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

CURRENT GELÉE.

CHAUFROIX DE CAILLES EN VOLIÈRE.

ENTREMETS.

PETIT POIS.

HARICOTS VERTS.

ASPERGES.

ENTREMETS SUCRÉES.

GELÉE DANSIC.

POUDING À LA VESUVIENNE.

GLACES VARIÉES.

PIECES MONTÉES.

PAVILLON CHINOIS EN PASTILLAGE.

CROQUEMBROUCHE À LA RENAISSANCE.

CHARLOTTE MODERNE.

DESSERT ET CAFÉ.







